

The television set...
The air-conditioner...
The typewriter...
The tictocking clock...
And James Wm. Broom III.

And A Prose Poem

I live in a roomfull of clocks -- electric clocks, allarrum clocks, grandfather clocks, cuckoo clocks. They tick, they tock, they click, they whirr, they hum, they buzz, they chime. I wonder what it is like -- bong -- to live --bong-- in a world -- bong -- where there are no bong clocks?

-- Bernard Epps

Bury, Quebec, Canada

Temporal Pleasures

(for Jim Callahan)

Said the hedonist/ I must insist that life to be life must contain good books, and food and wine and (of course) a sweet one with gently mounded buttocks and belly and alive brown eyes.

Said the priest/ Evil! Cast off desire -- resist all -- be as I -- I can resist all the temptations except (of course) the temptation to save a lost soul.

-- M. K. Book

Lincoln, Nebraska

A first-edition classic-of-sorts for fifty cents: Journey Beyond Tomorrow by Robert Sheckley -- a Signet Book, The New American Library, 501 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. (1962) still available.